The Steamship City of Washington.

Some 140 of the steerage passengers of the wrecked steamship City of Washington, of the Inman Line, arrived in New York city, July 14th, on the New Haven steamer Continental.

THE STORIES OF THEIR SUFFERINGS.

They all recounted substantially the same facts, but two or three, which were told with particular intelligence and descriptive power, will be found of exceptional interest.

John Edward Francis, Sussex, England, gave the following statement:

We left Liverpool on Tuesday, June 24th. The weather was very rough. On Friday it became very squally and continued very cold, rainy and foggy, and on Saturday July 3th, the ship struck midway between two rocks. It was a little after half-past one o'clock in the afternoon. The guns were fired. The captain, who had not used his head once all the time, did not know where he was. We thought we were lost, but a small boat came from the shore. It was manned by two women, Cornelius Stranburg and William Ferguson. One of the men had been ill in bed for seven weeks, but he got up when he heard the alarm, and came to our rescue. They offered to give us all the assistance in their power. It took them an hour and a half to lower the boats. The excitement was terrible. All the people were on their knees and praying to God. Some cried, "Lord have mercy on us," and the women and children shrieked in the most heartrending manner. The women were first sent ashore. Fort Le Bar is the place where they were landed. The men were next sent ashore, but the cabin passengers had taken care to go first. While we were going ashore the rain fell down in torrents, and we suffered a great deal. We lay all night on the rocks and sand, with stones for pillows, and had not even blankets to cover ourselves.

On Sunday we made some wretched tents of sail-cloth that we got from the ship. We were very hungry, and they brought us provisions from the ship, biscuits and butter. One biscuit for each—that was our breakfast, dinner and supper. Monday the weather cleared off. We had but one biscuit and a little tea and rice all day. We had to walk over a mile to get a drop of water. We found a pond, and fetched the water in bottles, cans, etc. The fog became very thick again, there was a drizzling rain in the evening, and we were all cold and miserable. They brought some luggage from the ship, but I found my trunk cut open. I suppose one of the crew did it. I lost everything, £50, which I had in the trunk, and nearly all my clothes. On Thursday night we suffered very much from the rain. At 9 A. M. the ship broke in two. We saw it plainly. There were still twenty men on board, but four boats were put off to rescue them, and all were saved. The mainmast broke first, and after a short while she was a total wreck. A small steamer, the M. A. Starr, hove in sight, but, owing to the thick fog, she went away again. Captain Phillips then sent us word that 300 of us should have to march to Portland Bay, a distance of about four miles, and there embark for Halifax. We started at half-past nine A. M., and arrived in Halifax at half-past eleven, after marching through the woods. At three P. M. we went on board the M. A. Starr, but the accomodations there were wretched in the extreme. We all lay huddled like so many sheep, and the weather was so rough that we expected to be washed away by the waves every moment. We arrived in Halifax on Friday morning and in Boston on Saturday night. We slept all night in the railway carriage, which was much better than the rocks, but still very uncomfortable. On the boat from New Haven we only got a piece of dry bread and a cup of coffee, and we were

SUFFERING DREADFULLY FROM HUNGER,

when we arrived here.

The next statement was made by Henry Newton, from Derbyshire, England:

The second day after leaving Queenstown we had very stormy weather. A heavy fog set in the day after and continued to the end of our voyage. At midday you could just catch a faint glimpse of the sun, and that was all. On the 27th of June we all thought that the Captain had lost his course and he never regained it afterwards. A cabin passenger told Captain Phillips that he was out of his course, but the latter replied gruffly, "You mind your own business." We received rough treatment from the officers and men. There seemed to be no discipline, no system, and everything went wrong. On the 5th of July the ship struck Gull Rock, near Port Harbor. She had run ten feet out of water, and lay on the top of the rock. The captain tried to back her, but failed. We were all terribly frightened. The fog was very thick and we could see no land. One of the sailors told us that the ship was grounded on the rock. There were blowing of horns and whistles and firing of guns, and two fishermen in a small boat came to our assistance. We were all praying and

MOST OF US WERE ON OUR KNEES.

By nine P. M. we had all got ashore. You should have heard our cheering when we reached the shore. We hurrahed and waved our hats, and some of us cried out: "Our lives are saved!" Some of the women—who all went first—were unwilling to leave their husbands and brothers behind, and said they would rather stay behind with them and go last; but they were hustled down into the boats almost by force. The cabin passengers who had gone ashore before us, were all conveyed to a farm house. Not one of them had to camp out, but we had to sleep on the rocks and sand in a drenching rain. The first night we were almost starving, we got nothing to eat. I could not sleep on the rocks and walked about all night. We all suffered terribly from the cold. The women and children were all dripping wet, and they had to sleep in their clothes soaked with water. Next morning (Saturday) we built some fires, over which we boiled our coffee. We also got some biscuits and butter, but were still very hungry. The second night was not so bad, for we had dried our clothes before the fire. We remained five days and nights in this fearful condition, owing to a delay on the part of the purser in sending the message to Halifax. On Thursday we were told to get ready to go on board the M. A. Starr, but after standing in the pouring rain for half an hour, we were told to go back and had to wait till Saturday. For the next two days we thought we should starve to death, and we got no substantial food until we went on board the Falmouth. We were very well treated all the way.

Several statements were made by women. They did not vary from those of the men. Mrs. Diedrich Meyer, a very intelligent German blonde, told the reporter, in German, a most thrilling story, in the presence of her husband, who evidently lacked his wife's flow of language. "We have lost all our clothes," she said, "which we would not have sold for £30. When we first got ashore it was terrible. I remember two German women. Each had five children, and they cried all night long, for they had no beds for the poor children and they had to sleep on the rocks. It was awful to see them when they were sent ashore in the lifeboat. The children shrieked and wept, and seemed to be frantic with fright. 'O mother,

'DON'T LET US DIE!'

One of the little ones cried, clinging to her mother's dress. 'O mother!' another one inquired, 'where are we going? Shall we die now? O don't let us die now!' 'I should never have set foot on board this ship,' the mother cried, 'but my husband and brother in America wrote me to come, and now I must die.' It was perfectly awful. I myself was trodden upon and trampled under foot in the confusion and excitement, and I had fainted away when they carried me down into the boat."

Vienna, Old and New.

A Sketch of the Austrian Capital.

Bayard Taylor, describing the old and the new Vienna, gives the following highly interesting sketch:

Vienna is the oldest, and in a historical point of view the most interesting of the German capitals. Originally, like Paris, a Celtic camp or village, it became a frontier town in the early days of the Roman Empire, and flourished as Vindobona, when Pannonia rose to the dignity of a province. Magyar, Slavonic, and Turkish invasions, and the tides of the Crusades have swept over it, but, as the key to the upper German half of the Danube, its possession has never been lost. Here, on both sides of the Danube, which splits into three arms, a broad and fertile plain opens toward the eastward. It is intersected by a small river called the Wein (Vienna,) which comes down from the Pannonian Alps; and where it joins the southern arm of the Danube there was originally a natural knoll or mound capable of being easily fortified, nearly circular in form, and about half a mile in diameter. Here the Celts, in the pre-historic times, made their camp, and here rose the Roman Vindobona.

When the Eastmark, as Austria was originally called, was colonized from Bavaria, the town speedily became German, and the circuit of the broad mound was strengthened with walls and towers. Thus it grew to be a fortification of the first class toward the close of the middle ages, and its increasing population became more and more thickly crowded in high houses and narrow streets. After the last siege and defeat of the Turks, in 1683, suburbs began to spring up outside of the long, sloping glacis a quarter of a mile wide, which surrounded the walls. The process of growth continued through the last century, and the first half of this, until the suburbs became one continuous ring-shaped city, connected with the old one by eight or ten avenues, traversing the open space of the glacis. To use a familiar expression, Vienna was like a wheel, the old city forming the hub, with the avenues as short spokes and the suburbs as a broad tire. The population of the old city had reached its limit of 55 000, beyond which it cannot be much increased. The bare, grassy ring of the glacis was retained, "on military considerations," long after the other German cities had leveled their useless walls. The old fortifications were simply a nuisance and an eyesore; but the Government seemed to fear, I know not what, loss of power or prestige, in tearing them down.

When I was last in Vienna, in May, 1858, the edict had finally been issued, and about a hundred yards of the wall, next to the Danube arm on the northern side, were level with the ground. The bare old masses of houses within, so given to the sun and air, looked ashamed of their nakedness. The old city, in fact, was so cramped for space while it was all of Vienna, that there was little chance for architectural display, and no capital of the same age preserves so few relics of the past.

I return to find the physiognomy of the city completely changed. With the disappearance of the walls, the open, houseless glacis lost its reason for being there, and has become a splendid belt of transition between the inner and outer cities. It shows what effects may be achieved when private will or whim is restrained by a governing taste. The glacis offered a free field for the construction of an encircling series of boulevards, as in Paris, but far finer, inasmuch as they conform to one harmonious design. Vienna, moreover, has been very fortunate in its architects; even the new ambitious avenues of Hausmann, of which the world has heard so much, appear cheap and pretentious beside these stately blocks, every one of which might be a palace. My first walk around "The Ring," as it is now called, was a series of surprises.

I crossed the Danube arm by the new "Aspern Bridge," and was forced to pause before its couchant lions, which put Landseer's in Trafalgar Square, to shame. These are no Sphinx-like figures, with straight, extended paws, but beasts aroused and alive, with the very action I have so often seen in the living animal. The main avenue, 200 feet wide, passes first the parade ground and then the city park, a small but beautifully arranged plat, where the turf is now bright with buttercups, where storks walk tamely beside the citizens, and swans loaf on the water. Then comes the Kolowrat Ring, with its magnificent mansions and hotels, turning by a bold curve into the Corinthian and Opera Rings, which are the centre of the new architectural display. The side streets, broad and imposing at first, are led, wherever practicable, into those of the old city on the one side, and those of the suburbs on the other; but the masses of the buildings are irregularly interrupted by open squares, bridges over the Wein, or spaces around public edifices. Thus the freedom of the old glacis, which was its only recommendation, is in a great measure preserved.

Beyond the Opera Ring, the avenue passes between the Imperial Gardens and the National Museums, now in process of erection. Then follow the Schiller-Platz and the spacious parade ground for grand reviews; and finally at the Schotten Ring, on the northwestern side of the old city, we pass between piles of superb buildings, many still unfinished, and reach the Danube again. There is no single coup d'œil equal to that on the Place de la Concorde, in Paris—as there is not in the world; but I know not where to find two miles of city so grand, varied and harmonious as here. Of all the European capitals, Vienna most suggests Paris; yet it is a resemblance of differences. Vienna always was an expensive city, and it now shares in that rage for speculation which has inundated all Germany within the last two years, and is fast making an honest and comfortable existence as difficult as in the United States. The people this year are infected with a mania for getting rich between the 1st of May and the 1st of November. No art, great or small, is left unemployed in the general mania for emptying the pockets of the hundreds of thousands of strangers who are expected. The cheerful and cordial attention which one used to find in the hotels is temporarily lost; while the lack of system, the easy, convenient ways of the people, to which one soon adapts himself in ordinary times, becomes a serious difficulty in these crowded and impatient days.

University Boat Races.

Yale Wins the Day.

NEW YORK, July 17th.—The *Tribune* has the following description of the scene at the race:

Notable for propriety was the multitude that this afternoon thronged the river banks. Stretching along for two miles to the finish, over the breadth of a long meadow and a gentle undulating plain, were scattered vehicles of every kind, and fringing the bank were clusters of gayly dressed ladies in all their various colors. The majority of the masculine spectators grouped themselves with that noble disregard of the picturesque which is so charmingly characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, and patiently waited. Presently a few drops of rain sent everybody to their carriages. Then there were cheers high up the river, which brought everybody to their feet. It was the Freshman race. Then we knew, by a peculiar yell from the bank opposite, that Yale was leading, and there drifted across our perspective three centipedes, one with a suggestive blue about it, whereby we knew Yale had won. Yet there was but little enthusiasm; somehow we all accepted the result of the Freshman race as a logical conclusion.

Then we all waited for the real feature of the afternoon. A shout on the opposite bank brought us to our feet, with more or less excitement. It came with a faint tumult, increasing along the opposite side into roars of "Rah!" and yells of "Yale!" and then, after straining our eyes to the utmost, a chip—a toothpick—drifted into sight on the broad surface of the river. At this utterly novel sight we all went into convulsions. We were positive it was Harvard; we would wager our existence it was Yale; if there was anything we were certain of, it was Amherst. And then the toothpick changed into a shade, and we held our breath; it then turned into a centipede, and our pulses beat violently; and then into a mechanical toy, and we screamed. Of course it was Harvard; nearly two miles away, but we knew it. A few other Protean shapes slipped across that shining disc, but our eyes were fastened on the first boat, hugging the opposite shore. And yet, somehow, the great distance, the smallness of the object, maybap a lingering doubt of color, obstructed all human and vital interest from the scene. We barrahed because it was the proper thing to do. We grew excited and carefully felt our pulse when doing so; and then, suddenly and without warning, at our very feet dashed a boat—light, graceful, beautifully handled, and rapidly and palpably shooting ahead of its competitor on the opposite side. There was no mistake about it this time; here was the Magenta color; and a "Rah!" arose from our side that must have been heard at Cambridge. Yale had won.

Late Foreign Items.

Cholera is declining at Cincinnati.

The cholera and yellow fever are spreading along the Gulf coast of Mexico.

The Fourth of July was celebrated in the city of Mexico by Americans, and by cordial manifestations on the part of the Government.

The first bale of cotton of the season, raised in Texas, was sold July 13th, at thirty-six cents per pound.

The inventory of Oakes Ames' estate, filed in probate, shows real estate $285,500, and personal property $3,468,734.

The decision of the Court of Inquiry into the cause of the disaster to the steamer City of Washington has been rendered. Capt. Phillips is suspended for one year.

Mrs. Ann Eliza Webb Young, the 17th wife of Brigham Young, has left him, and is about to bring suit for divorce and alimony. The affair creates a great sensation at Salt Lake.

To force owners of Mansard roofs to have them removed this year and replaced by less inflammable roofs, the Board of Underwriters of New York have adopted a resolution levying an additional premium of one per cent. upon all Mansard roofs after January 1st, 1874.

Don Carlos orders that the Cure of Santa Cruz, the fighting priest, shall be treated as a rebel.

It is reported that the Shah will return to Teheran on account of an insurrection within his dominions.

An unfavorable condition of the cause of general education in the Southern States is reported by the Commissioner of Education.

An exploration of Vancouver Island has been made with reference to the construction of a branch railroad. Discoveries of rich gold deposits in Queen Charlotte's Island were reported.

A St. Petersburg letter says 430 German residents of Russia have left in a body for the United States, because the Government declared them liable to enforced military service.

A Buenos Ayres correspondent narrates particulars of the discovery in a province of the Argentine Republic of wonderful gold mines, said to be the richest in the world. One half of the site of the mine has been sold, according to the narrator, for $100,000,000.

In the Conecticut river rowing race, July 17, the Yale Freshmen won in 17:53; Amherst, second, in 18:34½; and Harvard, last, in 23:34. In the great race which came afterward, Yale also won in 16:59; Wesleyan, second, in 17:01; Harvard, third, in 17:11—distance, three miles. Yale adopted the English style of a quick stroke and slow recovery.

The Police Commissioners of New York propose raising a brigade of 500 armed police, and have made a requisition on Gov. Dix for 800 breech-loading rifles and 150 sabres. It is said that with these facilities the police will be able to preserve life and property in that city without the aid of the militia.

Spain makes application to France for the extradition of the Cure of Santa Cruz as a common criminal. MacMahon refuses to surrender him.

On the 26th of June the Emperor of China gave the first personal audience ever given by a Chinese Emperor to foreign Ministers. The event made quite a stir in Pekin.